

No. 12

BLACK HOOD

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MAGAZINE



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BY
C. W. Novick

The cover of the comic book 'Man of Mystery' features a man in a red suit and a man in a yellow suit. The man in the red suit is standing and holding a large, rectangular, brown object with a yellow top. The man in the yellow suit is lying on the ground, looking up at the man in the red suit. The background is a light blue and white checkered pattern. The title 'MAN OF MYSTERY' is in a green circle in the top left corner. The title 'MONKEYING WITH MURDER' is in a green box in the bottom right corner. The artist's signature 'C. Novick' is in the top right corner.

MONKEYING WITH MURDER

ON PATROLMAN KIP BURLAND'S BEAT, A VERY AMUSING SCENE DELIGHTS THE KIDDIES-AND KIP BURLAND



THAT'S A REAL CLEVER MONKEY
YOU'VE GOT THERE, MISTER

YES-A!
GOOD-A
BYE, NOW!

SO LONG, JOCKO. HOPE
I SEE YOU AGAIN

SAY---THAT'S
FUNNY!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH
YOUR MONKEY'S PAW?
IT FEELS HOT RIGHT
THROUGH THE GLOVE

MAYBE HE
BURN-A IT
ON A DA
STOVE. GOOD
A BYE!

FUNNY! I DON'T
REMEMBER SEEING THAT
ORGAN GRINDER IN
THIS NEIGHBORHOOD
BEFORE

HEY, KIP! YOU
PROMISED TO
TELL US ANOTHER
STORY ABOUT THE
BLACK HOOD!
REMEMBER?

HA, HA, YOU KIDS NEVER GET TIRED OF
HEARING ABOUT THE HOOD, DO YOU? DID I
EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME---

HELP!
POLICE!

OH OH! TROUBLE.
SORRY, KIDS -I'LL
BE RIGHT UP
LADY!

WHAT'S THE
TROUBLE, LADY?

ONE OF OUR ROOMERS -MR.
MULVEY-HE---HE'S LEAD!



HE'S DEAD ALLRIGHT, MISS. HOW'D YOU HAPPEN TO FIND HIM?

MY FATHER OWNS THIS HOUSE. I CAME TO COLLECT THE RENT FROM MR. MULVEY



KIP IMMEDIATELY NOTIFIES HEADQUARTERS WITHOUT WAITING FOR A CORONER'S REPORT, MC GINTY, I'D SAY HE DIED BY ELECTROCUTION

DAGNABBIT! I THINK YER RIGHT, KIP



HERE'S AN EXPOSED WIRE, KIP! YUP! DEATH BY ACCIDENT ALL RIGHT



MIGHT BE, SARGE. BUT I DON'T SEE HOW THERE'S ENOUGH JUICE IN THIS TO KNOCK A MAN CLEAR ACROSS THE ROOM

HUH?



DAGNABBIT! DON'T BE GIVIN' ME ANY OF YER HOTSY-POTSY FANCY THEORIES AGAIN, KIP. I KNOW AN ACCIDENT WHEN I SEE ONE!

YEAH?



I VAGUELY RECALL A CERTAIN CLOWN CALLED POGO. MY "HOTSY POTSY" THEORY WAS MURDER. YOU SAID SUICIDE, REMEMBER?

GULP!



AND THEN THERE WAS MY "HOTSY-POTSY" THEORY ON BAILEY, THE MILLIONAIRE WHO MURDERED HIS PARTNER. YOU LAUGHED AT THAT, TOO!



AND NEED I MENTION THE CORPSE ON THE CHECKERBOARD?

GULP!
WH-WHAT DO YOU THINK WE OUGHTA DO, KIP?



FIRST, DETERMINE JUST HOW MUCH VOLTAGE THERE IS IN THIS OUTLET THEN---SAY---WHAT'S THIS ON MY HAND? LOOKS LIKE HAIRS! BURNT HAIRS!

I'M POSITIVE I DIDN'T TOUCH THE CORPSE. IN FACT THE ONLY ONE I TOUCHED WAS THE MONKEY---HOLY COW!

KIP! THIS GUY MULVEY LOOKS STRANGELY FAMILIAR.



DAGNABBIT! I NEVER FORGET A FACE. I'VE SEEN THIS MULVEY BEFORE, I TELL YOU!

A CHECK OF HIS PRINTS IN POLICE FILES MIGHT HELP SARGE. LET'S TRY!



AFTER A LONG AND PAINSTAKING SEARCH THROUGH THE FILES---

YOU WERE RIGHT, SARGE. YOU DID SEE MULVEY. ONLY HIS NAME WASN'T MULVEY THEN!



BUZZ SLADE OF THE OLD COLLINS-SLADE MOB!

BUZZ SLADE



SLADE STOOD ON COLLINS ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO, AS I REMEMBER IT. THEY GAVE COLLINS A FIVE-YEAR STRETCH, DIDN'T THEY, SARGE?

THAT'S RIGHT, KIP. AND SLADE DISAPPEARED. YOU THINK COLLINS IS OUT AND HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT?



IT SURE ADDS UP BUT PINNING IT ON HIM IS ANOTHER STORY. I HAVE AN IDEA. IF IT WORKS, WE'LL TRAP OUR MURDERER RED-HANDED!



NEXT DAY A SMALL ITEM APPEARS IN THE NEWSPAPERS---



POSING AS THE DEAD MAN, KIP WAITS IN THE APARTMENT WITH M^CGINTY HIDDEN...

THE MONK
OUGHT TO BE ALONG
ANY MINUTE -
I HEAR THE ORGAN
GRINDER'S MUSIC
NOW

I DIDN'T HAVE
LONG TO WAIT
HERE HE IS!

GOT YOU-YOU LITTLE DEVIL!
IT'S A GOOD THING
I INSULATED
MYSELF!

GRAB THE MONK, M^CGINTY.
I'VE GOT SOME FISHING
TO DO -


WHA-!









OH! OH!
WAIT A
MINUTE-
SINCE WHEN
DO THEY PUT
CLOTHES
INTO BEER
BARRELS?




LET'S TIP THIS
BABY OVER AND SEE
WHAT'S INSIDE-




WELL! LOOK
WHO'S HERE



A NEAT DISGUISE, BLACKIE,
BUT IT DIDN'T WORK- GET
UP ON YOUR FEET, BUB-
YOU'RE COMING WITH ME




I'VE GOT TO GET BLACKIE
BACK TO M'GINTY WITHOUT
REVEALING MY IDENTITY



YOU'VE PUT IN A HARD
DAY, BLACKIE. YOU NEED A
REST

NOT LONG AFTER-BACK AT THE VICTIM'S ROOM



I LOST HIM-PUFF-PUFF-
AND THEN I FOUND HIM
KNOCKED COLD IN AN
ALLEYWAY STRANGE,
ISN'T IT?

YEH, C'MERE
'N TAKE A LOOK
AT THIS MUSIC
BOX, WILL YA,
KIP?

C'N YA BEAT THIS-HE HAD A HIGH VOLTAGE BATTERY HOOKED UP IN HIS ORGAN BOX WITH AN ATTACHED WIRE CABLE AS A LEASH FOR THE MONK. HE CONTROLLED THE CURRENT BY THIS BUTTON



YES! THEN HE TRAINED THE MONK TO RECOGNIZE SLADE. PROBABLY BY A PHOTOGRAPH. SO WHEN THE MONK SAW SLADE, HE HOPPED ON HIM. COLLINS PRESSED THE BUTTON AND THAT WAS THAT. PRETTY INGENUOUS, COLLINS. HOW'D YOU DREAM UP SUCH A STUNT?



IN THE PEN, COPPER. I WORKED IN THE ELECTRIC PLANT. I WRACKED MY BRAIN ON HOW TO GET EVEN WITH THAT DOUBLE-CROSSIN' RAT WITHOUT TAKIN' ANOTHER RAP. SO I RIGGED UP THIS GADGET



YOU ALMOST GOT AWAY WITH IT AT THAT!

ALMOST, MY EYE! I'M STILL GETTING AWAY WITH IT!

HEY! HE'S GOT MY GUN!



I'M SCRAMMIN' COPPERS. I GOT A HIDE-OUT WHERE ALL THE FLAT-FEET IN THE WORLD WON'T FIND ME!

HE CAN'T DO THIS TO US, KIP!

NO? HE'S DOING IT!



BUT FATE, OR IS IT JUSTICE BY ANOTHER NAME, STEPS IN. THE MONK, RELUCTANT TO BE DESERTED BY ITS MASTER, LEAPS AND...



GOSH, I LEFT THE CURRENT ON BY MISTAKE. IS HE-?

YES, HE'S DEAD!



BLACKIE WAS RIGHT AFTER ALL. HE'S GONE TO A HIDE-OUT WHERE ALL THE COPS IN THE WORLD WON'T FIND HIM. THE SAME HIDE-OUT THAT WAITS FOR ALL CROOKS!



Archie's PROUD AS A PEACOCK!

AND WHY SHOULDN'T
HE BE WHEN HIS FANS
THINK SO MUCH OF HIM?

THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS
OF LETTERS HAVE BEEN
POURING IN PRAISING
**ARCHIE, THE MIRTH
OF A NATION!** HERE'S
A SLIGHT SAMPLE OF
WHAT THEY'RE SAYING!



"Archie Comics should
be given to every soldier
overseas to keep them
relaxed and happy."

Nadine Nalder
1681 Hayes St.
San Francisco
California

"My whole family worries
with, laughs with, and
loves Archie."

Florence Gibson
6 Home Street
Springfield, Mass.

"Archie's my favorite
because he's like most
kids my age."

Willie Mac Sampson
Detroit, Michigan

"Whenever I'm unhappy, I
always know one sure cure
for the blues - Archie Comics."
Margie Lee Huber
917 E. Withersbee
Flint, Mich.

"Archie and his family
are just like real people in
everyday life. All summer
while I was laid up with a
broken arm, Archie was a
great help to me and always
cheered me up."
Lou R. Harkness
23 W. High St.
Coal Dale, Pa.

ARCHIE COMICS IS AN MLJ PUBLICATION!!

Phy **Black HOOD**

MEETS
DO

**THE
GREAT
MAGOO**"

Man of
Mystery



DON
RICO-

LOOK, KIP, DON'T
BE GETTIN' COCKY
JUST 'CAUSE YOU
GUESSED RIGHT IN
A FEW CASES!

WHO ME? DID
I SAY ANYTHING,
SERGEANT MCGINTY?

NO, BUT
YE LOOKED
IT. **DAGNAB-
BIT!** JUST
REMEMBER,
I'VE BEEN
ON THE
FORCE FER
25 YEARS, AND...

...THE ONLY WAY TO
CATCH A CROOK IS WITH
THE END OF YOUR NIGHT-
STICK - UNQUOTE! WHY
DON'T YOU PUT THOSE
WORDS TO MUSIC, SARGE?

NONE O' YER
WISECRACKS,
DAGNABBIT!

RIN-N-NG

JUST WAIT AND SEE!
THE NEXT CASE
THAT COMES
ALONG, I'LL
SHOW YE HOW
A **REAL
COPPER**
CRACKS IT!

HELLO.. YES.. THIS IS POLICE
HEADQUARTERS.. WHAT.. OKAY.
CALM DOWN..
WE'LL BE
RIGHT OVER!

IS THAT
OUR NEXT
CASE, SARGE?

NAH... IT'S THAT MAGICIAN
THE GREAT MAGOO!
CLAIMS HIS LIFE'S BEEN
THREATENED OVER THE
PHONE.. DEMANDS POLICE
PROTECTION! PROBABLY
SOME CRANK!

MAYBE!
AND THEN...
MAYBE NOT!

THERE YE GO AGAIN, **DAGNABBIT** WITH YER FANCY THEORIES! THERE'S NOTHIN' TO IT I TELL YE!

AND I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT. ONLY WHY JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS?

OKAY MR MAGNO OR WHATEVER YER NAME IS.. WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

THE POLICE! I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HERE!



I'VE BEEN GETTING PHONE CALLS FROM SOME MYSTERIOUS PERSON ALL DAY. SAYING HE'D RUIN ME AND MY ACT IF HE HAD TO KILL ME TO DO IT. I CAN'T IMAGINE WHO IT COULD POSSIBLY BE! I'M SURE I HAVE NO ENEMIES NONE AS VICIOUS AS HE SOUNDED, AT ANY RATE!

JUST AS I THOUGHT! JUST A CRANK. BUT DON'T WORRY, MAGDO, WE'LL STICK AROUND AND KEEP AN EYE ON YE. JUST IN CASE ...

AH. THAT RELIEVES ME IMMENSELY, SERGEANT!

SAY! WHAT'S THAT WIGGLING IN YOUR POCKET, SERGEANT?

HUH? WH-WHERE?



BY GEORGE.. ARE YOU IN THE HABIT OF CARRYING BUNNIES AROUND?

GLORY BE.. (GULP) HOW'D THAT GET THERE?

TSK.. TSK THE THINGS PEOPLE PUT ON THEIR HAIR THESE DAYS!





DO YOU MIND IF I BORROW HALF YOUR TIE, SERGEANT?

HEY! CUT IT OUT...



DAGG NABBIT NOW LOOK WHAT YE'VE DONE! YOU AN' YER SMART TRICKS!

DON'T WORRY SERGEANT! JUST THE MAGIC WORDS IBBLE-DIBBLE-ISH KABIBBLE, AND...PRESTO!



WELL, CUT OFF MY HAIR AND CALL ME BALDY!... IT WORKED!



HA, HA, HOPE YOU DIDN'T MIND MY LITTLE JOKES! EXCUSE ME, WON'T YOU, I MUST GET READY FOR MY ACT!



GO RIGHT AHEAD! WE'LL GUARD THE DOOR AND SEE THAT NOBODY GET'S IN!



WHILE WE'RE WAITIN', KIP...

NOTHING DOING, SARGE. LEAVE THOSE TRICKS TO MAGOO. THAT'S WHAT HE GETS PAID FOR!



WHAT'S THAT!

BANG!

SOUNDS LIKE A SHOT, TO ME!



IT CAME FROM THAT DRESSING ROOM OVER THERE!

ONE SIDE V
EVERYBODY! WHO'S
ROOM IS THIS,
ANYWAY?

MITZI MARVIN!!
MAGOO'S ASSIST-
ANT!

THIS IS TERRIBLE!
MITZI HAS BEEN
SHOT!

DEAD!!

IF MAGOO HEARS OF
THIS, HE'LL BE TOO
BROKEN UP TO GO ON
WITH HIS ACT! I'M THE
OWNER OF THIS
THEATRE, AND
I'LL...

WHAT'S GOING
ON HERE... WHA...
MITZI! SHE'S
DEAD!

THE MAN ON THE PHONE!
HE DID THIS! HE SWORE
HE'D RUIN MY ACT...
HE'LL KILL ME NEXT!

EASY
MAGOO!
KEEP CALM!

KEEP AN EYE
ON THINGS, KIP!
I'M GOIN' FOR
HOMICIDE!

RIGHT,
SARGE!

FUNNY ABOUT MAGOO! HE
DIDN'T HAVE A TOUCH OF
MAKEUP ON HIS FACE, AND
YET HE WAS IN HIS DRESS-
ING ROOM LONG ENOUGH
TO SMEAR ON A TON OF
THE STUFF - OR WAS
HE?

LISTEN, MAGOO, PLEASE
PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER.
YOUR ACT IS ON NOW.
YOU CAN'T LET ME
DOWN!

ALL... ALL RIGHT
DESMOND. I
MUSTN'T THINK
OF MYSELF EVEN
AT A TIME LIKE
THIS! **THE SHOW
MUST GO ON!**



SAY HERE'S SOMETHING
I HADN'T NOTICED
BEFORE - A FOOTPRINT!



I'D SAY MITZI DROPPED
HER POWDER WHEN SHE
WAS SHOT-AND THE
KILLER STEPPED IN IT.
SO JUST ON A HUNCH I'LL
GET ONE OF MAGOO'S
SHOES OUT OF HIS DRESS-
ING ROOM!



SO FAR, SO GOOD!
NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT
WE'LL SEE!



A
PERFECT
MATCH!



AND TIME FOR KIP BURLAND
TO BECOME - **THE BLACK
HOOD!**



I'VE GOT A LITTLE TRICK
OF MY OWN TO SPRING ONE
THE GREAT MAGOO-- BUT I'LL
NEED DESMOND, THE THEATRE
OWNER, TO HELP ME!



WHILE ON STAGE, THE GREAT MAGOO IS GOING THROUGH
HIS RETINUE OF TRICKS--



FOR MY NEXT
TRICK I WILL NEED
A HUNDRED DOLLAR
BILL. IS THERE ANYONE
IN THE AUDIENCE
WHO CAN HELP ME
OUT?



I WILL! HERE
IT IS MR.
MAGOO!

AH! THANK YOU
MY GOOD MAN!



YOU DON'T MIND
IF I BURN IT
UP, DO YOU?

HEY,
DON'T!



AH, I SEE YOU DO MIND IN
THAT CASE, I'LL HAVE TO
PLUNGE MY HAND INTO THE
FLAMES, PICK UP THE
ASHES, AND...



PRESTO! YOUR
HUNDRED DOL-
LAR BILL, GOOD
AS NEW!

WELL, I'LL
BE-- I COULD
HAVE SWORN
I SAW IT
BURN!



AND NOW FOR MY
FAMOUS ORIENTAL TRICK!
I LAY THIS SHROUD DOWN
ON THE BARE FLOOR!

A FEW MAGIC
PASSES OVER THE
SHROUD, AND NOW
I PICK IT UP TO
SHOW YOU...

(GULP)... THE BLACK
HOOD! HOW.. HOW'D
YOU GET HERE?

DON'T YOU
KNOW?

VERY CLEVER THE WAY YOU MURDERED
YOUR ASSISTANT, MAGOO.. AND
CALLING IN THE POLICE TO BE YOUR
ALIBI! BUT YOU PULLED ONE TRICK
TOO MANY!

YOU'RE WRONG
HOOD! HERE'S
STILL ANOTHER
ONE!

YOU MAY HAVE
CAUGHT ME, BUT
YOU HAVEN'T
CAUGHT UP WITH
ME!

ONE OF HIS PROP
TRUNKS WITH A FALSE
BOTTOM. WELL, IF IT'S
CAT AND MOUSE HE
WANTS TO PLAY...

I'LL PLAY WITH HIM!



BANG!



WHA... HE'S GOT A GUN! AND HE ALMOST GOT ME!

BUT ALMOST DOESN'T COUNT, MAGDOO!



CRACK!



NOW BLACK HOOD, YOU'LL REGRET HAVING BEEN SO CLEVER. BEFORE I KILL YOU, I'LL TELL YOU WHY I MURDERED MITZI!



I MAKE A LOT OF MONEY WITH MY ACT BESIDES MY SALARY! A LOT OF MONEY! THE TRICK WITH THE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL YOU MAY HAVE SEEN TONIGHT WAS JUST ONE OF MY METHODS!



THE SUCKER GAVE ME A REAL BILL AND I HANDED HIM BACK A PHONEY. MITZI CAUGHT WISE TO MY RACKET AND THREATENED TO TELL THE COPS. SO I HAD TO ELIMINATE HER. I GAVE THE COPS THE PHONEY STORY ABOUT A MYSTERIOUS THREATENER TO GIVE THEM A FALSE LEAD!

AND ALSO, AS YOU CLEVERLY GUESSED, TO GIVE ME AN ALIBI. AFTER ALL THEY COULDN'T BE EXPECTED TO SUSPECT THE MAN WHOSE LIFE THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO PROTECT, COULD THEY?



AND NOW, BLACK HOOD! IT'S YOUR TURN TO D... AAAAGH

STAND WHERE YOU ARE, HOOD, OR YOU GET THE SAME THING!



I HEARD THIS GUY'S CONFESSION ALL RIGHT BUT THAT DON'T CLEAR YOU. FIRST, TAKE OFF THAT MASK!

OH, OH! THIS CALLS FOR SOME QUICK THINKING!

DON'T YOU WANT TO CHECK ON KIP BURLAND FIRST. YOU'RE PRETTY FOND OF HIM, AREN'T YOU?

KIP! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM?

WELL, HE WENT INTO MAGOO'S ROOM!...

YEAH... THEN WHAT?



THEN HE WROTE
SOMETHING ON A PIECE
OF PAPER - LIKE THIS...



THEN HE WALKED OVER
TO THIS CLOSET, OPENED
THE DOOR...



... JUMPED IN LIKE THIS! AND
SLAMMED IT SHUT BEHIND
HIM!

HEY, YOU!
CUT THAT
OUT!



I'M WARNIN YE, HOOD!
COME OUT OF THERE
OR I SHOOT!



BANG!
BANG
BANG!

DAGNABBIT! GONE!
BUT HOW!

LOOKS SARGE!
A NOTE!



This is the false closet
magoo used to sneak
out of the room to do
his killing. You ought
to study up on your
magic. McGinty Hood
P.S. Don't worry about
Kip Burland-- you'll
be seeing him.....

LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS

HELLO, SARGE!
LOOKING FOR ME?

KIP BURLAND!
WHERE IN THUNDER
HAVE YOU BEEN?

UH- HELLO
COMMISSIONER!



MIGHTY FUNNY!
EVERYTIME THE
HOOD SHOWS UP
YOU DISAPPEAR!

IT'D BE
FUNNIER
IF YOU
SAW US
TOGETHER!



JUST WHAT
DO YE MEAN
BY THAT?

I MEAN...
AFTER
ALL...
THAT IS...
WELL YOU
SEE...

HERE!
THIS IS
NO TIME
FOR QUAR-
RELLING!
YOU BOTH
ARE TO BE
COMMENDED!



I DON'T KNOW
HOW YOU BROKE
THIS CASE MCGINTY,
BUT I SHOULDN'T
BE SURPRISED IF
YOU'RE A LIEUTEN-
ANT BEFORE LONG!
CONGRATULATIONS!

GEE THANKS,
CHIEF IT'S
ALL IN
KNOWIN' THE
TRICKS OF
THE
GAME!



SAY, TALKIN' ABOUT
TRICKS. LEMME
SHOW YOU A
GOOD ONE,
CHIEF!

SAY! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
WITH MY TIE?



HEY!
CUT THAT OUT!
THAT TIE COST
ME FIVE BUCKS!

TUT!
TUT!
NOT A
THING TO
WORRY ABOUT!



NOW, I'LL JUST
SAY SOME MAGIC
WORDS... IBBLE-DIBBLE
ISH-KABIBBLE, AND
PRESTO!

WELL!



GULP!
HEH! HEH!
IT DIDN'T
WORK!

HMM...
LET ME
HAVE THOSE
SCISSORS!



AW,
COMMISH!
DON'T
AW. HAVE
A HEART!



... AND YOU CAN
FORGET ABOUT
THAT PROMOTION
YOU LUNKHEAD!



SOME PEOPLE
HAVE NO SENSE
OF HUMOR!



THE CAT AND THE ROSE

A BLACK HOOD STORY

By WESLEY BROOK

THE afternoon at the Stewarts' had been boring.

Only friendship had brought Kip Burland to the palatial mansion of his old friend, Frank Stewart. The estate, situated on the curving shores of a large lake offered no attraction for Kip. Kip liked the quiet countryside and the beautiful mansion well enough. But he didn't care for these week-end parties. And he cared less to be dragged into family quarrels. . . . An argument between Stewart and his wife Jane over some triviality. One word led to another. Before long the name of Thomas Stewart had been violently dragged into the discussion. Thomas was the brother of Frank. And with this new development, Mrs. Stewart's agitation increased considerably.

As Kip strolled toward the gleaming hothouse, a glittering mass of panes and light, he saw Mrs. Stewart emerge from the building hurriedly, her long green dress fluttering in the wind. She was plainly upset as she ran toward the house.

Kip quickened his pace and caught the distressed woman as she was about to stumble over a low hedge in her path.

Jane Stewart looked at him in horror.

"Oh, Kip Burland!" Then her voice sank to a low sob. "It's Frank. He's in there, dead!"

Kip let go his hold of her hand and with a few lengthy bounds was inside the hothouse. His keen eyes took in the scene at a glance. They did not miss the body crumpled before a potted English hedgerow, nor did his ears miss the subtle click of the back door of the great building as it shut. Without waiting to examine the body he bounded to the transparent, glass panelled walls. His keen senses had not deceived him. The top of the man's head showed for an instant behind a row of acacia trees, then vanished.

Kip drew a sharp breath. Returning to the body, he turned it over silently. Here was sheer horror. Death had come painfully to Frank Stewart. From the contorted appearance of the mouth, he deduced immediately the cause of death. Poison!

Suddenly Kip's eyes lighted on a scrap of paper. He pounced on it and scanned the contents eagerly. A long, drawn-out whistle came from his lips. "Hmmm . . ." he mused, "this seems to be a case for — the Black Hood."

The police inquest, held a few hours later, brought out no details other than the more or less obvious facts. Only one man was aware of the bizarre aspects of the case and that man was not present. The Black Hood was busy elsewhere!

The coroner's report came

a few moments later.

"Arsenic," stated the investigating detective dryly. "Suicide."

Mrs. Stewart's face was a mask.

"My husband never kept poisons of any sort in the house. Besides he was not the suicidal type. He had everything to live for."

"We'll get to that later, Mrs. Stewart," remarked the detective. "Just now— Say, where is Mr. Stewart's brother. He was here a few moments ago, but now where has . . .?"

In a small room under the great bulk of the hothouse a shadow moved—the shadow of a man average in height, undistinguished in appearance, his hair a brittle, sandy color. The shadow, thrown by the light of a small electric bulb, moved, intruded upon a bench, flowed like a stream, and then emerged on the wall of reddish brown brick. An arm came up, and arm holding a small object, limp, helpless in coma—or death.

The man with the undistinguished face was calm and immobile as he raised the body of the Persian cat he was carrying and deposited it on the bench, then removing some metallic objects from an inside coat pocket, he laid them beside the inert body and crossed the tiny room to the opposite wall.

In the dim glow the surgical instruments—for ly-

ing beside the dead cat were several scalpels — glittered softly, ready for their work.

The tinkle of metal sounded harshly in the close-packed air of the room, then came the steady, drip-drip-drip of some mysterious fluid.

Abruptly a match flared, approached a torch reposing on the bench. Then came a rush of flame that hissed and roared, lighting up the storeroom with a leaping red flare.

The face drew closer to the cat on the bench. A sal-low-skinned hand reached forth and grasped a scalpel. Clutching tightly in an experienced grasp, the hand went sharply upward, preparatory to a vicious downward thrust that would have severed one of the animal's legs from its body.

"Stop!" a grim voice echoed through the close confines of the room above the roaring flame of the blowtorch. Abruptly the hand dropped. The scalpel clattered uselessly to the floor.

"Black Hood!" the cringing figure drew back suddenly, tense, expectant. Etched with brilliant clarity by the burning blowtorch.

"You were careless, Tom Stewart," said the Hood and indicated the dead body of the Persian cat.

"What do you mean?" stammered the wretched brother of Frank Stewart.

"The scheme worked — almost. You poisoned Frank, and you did it cleverly. The coroner did not find the

means by which the poison was introduced to the body because your brother in his convulsions swallowed the hedge leaf. You knew your brother was in the habit of absently chewing on the leaves of ordinary English potted hedges when he was in the hothouse. And you knew that the plants were sprayed with a weak solution of arsenic to preserve them from insects. A perfect setup for you. You sprayed a one hundred percent solution on the leaves of all the potted hedges in the greenhouse and then invited Frank out to see your new roses." The shadow on Stewart's face grew bigger, blacker.

"How did you know," he whispered hoarsely. His eyes, glittering with hate, narrowed to almost invisible slits.

"You accidentally dropped a note from your brother dated a week ago, asking you to order more arsenic for the plants. It was that fact which started my suspicions of you, Tom. It was simple to check up at the chemical supply company and ascertain who had ordered the arsenic—undiluted! But the conclusive evidence was Jane Stewart's Persian cat which Frank carried fondly to the hothouse with him. Cats, like all other animals eat raw greens, Tom, from instinct, as roughage in their diet. The cat ate a few leaves from the potted hedge—the only foliage in the hothouse so near the floor—at the same time that your brother was con-

sidering the beauties of your new rose and absently chewing on one of the same leaves.

"There were cat hairs on the rough concrete floor, rubbed from the body as the poor creature struggled in its last agony. When I returned to the house, I discovered on inquiry that the cat was missing.

"You slipped away from the inquest a few moments ago, determined to come here unobserved and remove the evidence of your guilt. The blowtorch was for the purpose of entirely consuming the dead cat in ashes."

Tom's hand tightened on his throat. The other stole toward a half-open canister lying on the bench not far from the cat's corpse. The uncertain, surging light caused the contents to throw an evil green glow against the low ceiling.

A wild shriek resounded in the room as Tom flung himself upon the canister, clawed wildly at the powdered green arsenic and stuffed his mouth with the deadly chemical.

"You'll never take me alive, Black Hood," he gasped.

A few minutes later, Kip emerged from the damp cellar. He gazed appreciatively about the greenhouse, taking in the rare beauty of the many plants developed to full blossom by the perverted genius of Tom Stewart.

He lingered for awhile, then left to complete the inquest.



COME IN FRIENDS...
I HAVE A TASK FOR
YOU TWO! THERE IS
AN ENEMY FORCE
NEARBY THAT **MUST**
BE DESTROYED!

IN ORDER TO ATTACK THE
ENEMY, WE CAN ONLY PASS
THROUGH THIS VALLEY...THE
JAP SENTRIES WOULD EASILY SPOT
US FROM A DISTANCE/IT WILL BE
BE YOUR TASK TO LAND BEHIND
THEIR LINES AND OVERCOME
THESE SENTRIES/WE WILL WAIT AT
THIS END OF THE VALLEY, FOR
YOUR SIGNAL!

...AND SO THE
FLYING DRAGONS
GO FORTH FROM
THEIR SECRET HANGAR
IN THE SIDE OF
THE MOUNTAIN...



LOOK! THAT JAP SCOUT PLANE HAS SEEN US!! WE'VE GOT TO PREVENT HIS INFORMING THE ENEMY OF OUR POSITION!!



HAAAA... THAT FINISHES HIM!



SKIRTING THE ENEMY CAMP, THEY FIND A CLEARING BEHIND THE JAP LINES...



SHH... THERE THEY ARE! NOW DON'T FORGET! GET THEM OUT OF THE WAY! BUT QUIETLY!



SURPRISE!





WHAT COULD BE QUIETER? **THIS** GUY WON'T COME TO FOR DAYS... ..**IF** EVER..



THIS PLACE IS EMPTY, EXCEPT FOR THOSE SENTRIES! THOSE JAPS MUST BE SCOUTING AROUND! LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND IN THIS REGIMENTAL HOUSE!



VERY INTERESTING! LOOK, MICKEY... PLANS FOR A **SECRET WEAPON!**



DID YOU LOSE SOMETHING, GENTLEMEN?



HO! SO MY GUESTS ARE THE FLYING DRAGONS! AND I SUPPOSE YOUR GUERILLA FRIENDS ARE WAITING NEARBY!



I HOPE YOU BOTH ARE COMFORTABLE! MY CHINESE ORDERLY WILL PERFORM A BIT OF TORTURE WHILE I PREPARE AN AMBUSH ON YOUR FRIENDS!



YOU CHINESE **TRAITOR!** STAY BACK!



DO NOT FEAR! I AM ONE OF YOU! STILL NOW! I'LL UNTIE YOU!

NOW, KNOCK ME UNCONSCIOUS, SO THAT WHEN YOU ARE MISSED, NO SUSPICION WILL BE CAST UPON ME!

WELL!

I HATE TO DO THIS.. BUT YOU'RE RIGHT!

YOU'RE A BRAVE MAN.. BUT MY FIST DOESN'T FEEL THE SAME!

HEY! HANK, LOOK!

JAP SENTRIES! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! NOW THIS IS WHAT YOU DO, MICKEY!..

WHAT GOES ON HERE?? UGGHHH!

GOOD WORK, MICKEY!

I WONDER WHAT YOKUMA IS DOING IN THERE, SO L.. AEEEE!!

LATER.. TWO JAP SOLDIERS EXIT..

WALK SLOWLY! JUST AS IF WE WERE TAKING A WALK!

WE'VE MADE IT!
HURRY NOW! WE'VE
GOT TO **WARN**
THE GUERILLAS!

ARE YOU ALL
SET, MEN??

WHAT THE..??
THE **FLYING
DRAGONS!**

IT'S **IMPOSSIBLE!**
HOW DID THEY ESCAPE?
I'LL BREAK EVERY BONE
IN THAT CHINESE
FOR THIS!

KNOCKED
SENSELESS!
THIS SHOULD
AWAKEN YOU!
YOU FOOL!

MEANWHILE..

THERE ARE
THE JAPS NOW!
LET'S GIVE
IT TO 'EM!

TAKE **THAT**
YOU KILLERS!

WE'VE GOT THE AMBUSHERS
OUT OF THE WAY.. BUT WE'VE
GOT TO HURRY BEFORE
THE MAIN BODY OF
TROOPS ARRIVE.!

IT'S THE IRON BIRD!
LOOK! HE GIVES
THE SIGNAL TO
ATTACK!



THE ENEMY TAKEN BY SURPRISE IS SOON MADE
SHORT ORDER OF BY THE VALIANT CHINESE
GUERRILLAS...



AND SO, THE FLYING DRAGONS FLY ONWARD
TOWARDS FURTHER ADVENTURES IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF BLACK HOOD COMICS



MEET *the* FLYING DRAGON

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WRIGHT CYCLONE
SUPER
CHARGED
ENGINE!

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ALUMINUM ALLOY
FRAMES AND ARE
FABRIC COVERED!

RETRACTABLE
LANDING GEAR,
AND TAIL WHEEL

REAR
GUN

THIS
NEW PLANE
HAS GREATER
SPEED RANGE AND
STRIKING POWER
THAN ANY OTHER DIVE
BOMBER!
THE A-25 IS AN ARMY
VERSION OF THE
CURTISS SB2C-1
HELL
DIVER!

Bill Vagstad

THE BEGIN-AIRE

DESIGNER: C. VERDI

DRAWN: L. BUCALO

NOTE ALL VIEWS
FULL SIZE UNLESS
OTHERWISE SPECIFIED

RUDDER CUT FROM
 $\frac{1}{16}$ " FLAT BALSA

USE $\frac{3}{32}$ " FLAT PINE
FOR FUSELAGE

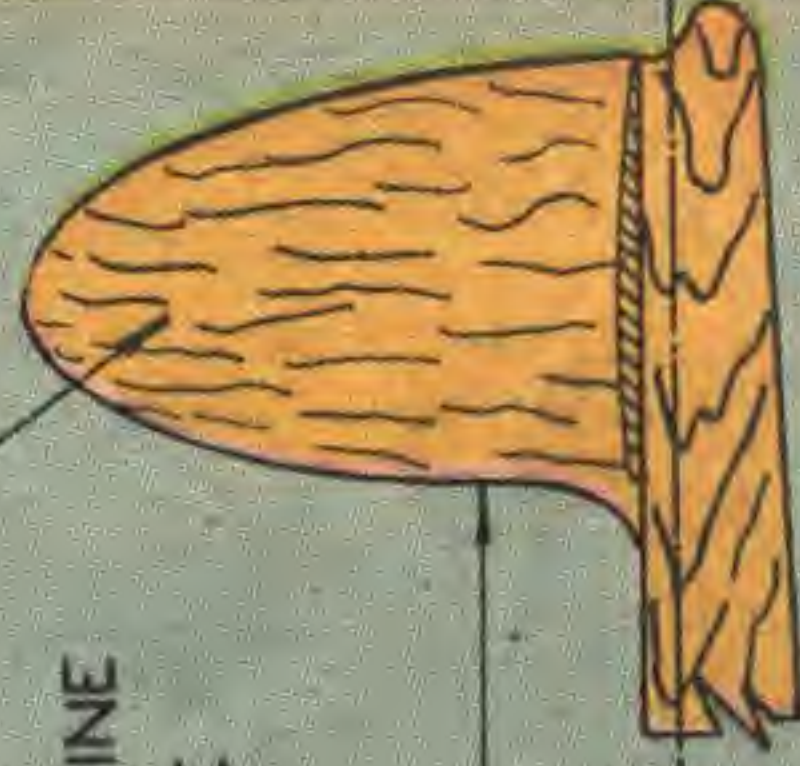
$\frac{1}{8}$ " SHEET

SILK BRACE

$\frac{1}{4}$ "

$\frac{3}{32}$ " SHEET

$6\frac{5}{8}$ "



BUILDING INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE BEGIN-AIRE

ALL PARTS ARE FULL SIZE ON THE PLANE SO IT IS ONLY NECESSARY TO TRACE THEM.

SELECT A HARD PIECE OF $\frac{1}{4}$ SHEET BALSA OR $\frac{1}{8}$ PINE FOR YOUR FUSELAGE CUT TO SHAPE; BEING CAREFUL TO LEAVE THE SECTIONS WHERE WING AND TAIL ARE MOUNTED FLAT. SAND BODY TO STREAMLINE SHAPE. MAKE THE WINGS FROM $\frac{1}{8}$ SHEET MEDIUM STOCK. CUT TO CORRECT OUTLINE AND THEN SAND AN AIRFOIL SECTION INTO ENTIRE WING, TAPERING THE SECTION TOWARD THE TIPS. CRACK AND GLUE DIHEDRAL INTO A WING. ALLOW TO DRY THOROUGHLY, THEN GIVE THREE COATS OF DOPE WITH SANDINGS BETWEEN EACH COAT. BALANCE WING TO MAKE SURE ONE SIDE IS NOT HEAVIER THAN THE OTHER. ATTACH TO FUSELAGE BY GROOVING A "V" SECTION INTO THE FUSELAGE TO RECEIVE THE WING. USE THREE COATS OF GLUE AND SLICKBRACE ON TOP FOR A STRONG JOINT. CUT OUT STABILIZER AND RUDDER FROM $\frac{1}{16}$ MEDIUM STOCK. SAND TO STREAMLINE SECTIONS. FINISH OFF WITH COAT OF DOPE AND ANOTHER SANDING. ATTACH TO BODY, CHECKING TO SEE THAT THE TAIL AND WINGS LINE UP IN RELATION TO EACH OTHER.

IF DESIRED, FUSELAGE MAY BE GIVEN A THIN COAT OF GLUE AND SANDED FOR GLOSSINESS AND STRENGTH. BALANCE BY ADDING CLAY UNTIL THE FLATTEST GLIDE IS OBTAINED. TWIST THE RUDDER SO THAT THE GLIDER CIRCLES WITHOUT GOING INTO A SPIN. LAUNCH INTO WIND, THROWING GLIDER AS YOU WOULD A BALL.

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message to the
BOYS and GIRLS
of **AMERICA!**

from
**GENERAL
ARNOLD**

COMMANDING GENERAL
U. S. ARMY
AIR FORCES

WAR DEPARTMENT

WASHINGTON

We of the armed forces urge every young man and woman of pre-military age who has been filling a summer war job to return to school this autumn. Such work is important, but your education has top priority. You will serve your country best by making the most of your education opportunities, for this is not only a brave man's war--it is also a smart man's war.

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FOR VICTORY



H. H. Arnold

H. H. ARNOLD,
General, U. S. Army,
Commanding General, Army Air Forces.

Phantom *Black* HOOD

MAN
OF
MYSTERY



VENGANCE
FROM THE
GRAVE



INSIDE THE SHOP





I HAVE A LITTLE MORE TIME THAN I THOUGHT BEFORE I CLOCK IN AT THE STATION HOUSE!



LATER-AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS..

WELL-IT'S ABOUT TIME YA SHOWED UP! WHERE IN SAM HILL YA BEEN?



WHAT'S EATING YOU MCGINTY? I'M HERE ON TIME!

IN A PIG'S EYE YOU ARE. YER A HALF HOUR LATE!



BUT I JUST CHECKED MY WATCH WITH ONE OF MARIO'S CLOCK'S AND MARIO IS NEVER WRONG!

WELL, HE IS THIS TIME! HERE- CALL THE OPERATOR AND CHECK THE TIME!



HELLO, OPERATOR - MAY I HAVE THE RIGHT TIME PLEASE? - IT IS EH? THANK YOU -



YOU'RE RIGHT SARGE. ONE OF MARIO'S CLOCK'S IS WRONG FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE I KNOW HIM-SOME-THING FUNNY ABOUT THAT!



NOW DON'T TELL ME YA SMELL A CRIME BECAUSE A CLOCK STOPPED, DAGNABBIT!

JUST THE SAME IT DOESN'T HURT TO GO BACK AND HAVE A LOOK-SEE!





OK-OK... BUT AS LONG AS YER THERE DO SOMETHIN' USEFUL. HAVE MARIO FIX MY WATCH!

ALL RIGHT LET'S HAVE IT!



HERE--AND TELL HIM TO BE CAREFUL WITH IT. IT'S BEEN IN THE FAMILY FER FIFTY YEARS. I WOULDN'T WANT ANYTHING TO HAPPEN TO IT!

DON'T WORRY, I'LL GUARD IT WITH MY LIFE!

BOY WHAT AN ONION!

A SHORT WHILE LATER, KIP REACHES MARIO'S SHOP...



THIS IS IT--I WONDER WHAT MADE IT STOP!



I'LL TAKE A LOOK INSIDE AND--GOOD LORD! MARIO!



SHOT RIGHT THROUGH THE HEART--HE NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM!





A SHORT WHILE LATER, WITHIN THE CLOCK CABINET.....

OH-H-H-H-H! MY CHEST WH-WHERE AM I? EVERYTHING'S BLACK AND SO CRAMPED IN HERE - IF I CAN ONLY REACH MY CIGARETTE LIGHTER -







NIGHTY-NIGHT, MOKE!



I'LL HAVE TO BE
CAGEY, NOW!
ROCCO'LL BE A
LOT HARDER TO
HANDLE!



NOBODY OUT FRONT,
SEE ANYBODY BACK
HERE... MOKE.....
HEY MOKE... WHERE
ARE YOU?



HOLY CATS! SOMEBODY
PUT THE SLUG ON HIM!



COCKROD
COCKROD
COCKROD



GOTCHA!

ONE!







HELLO - MCGINTY?... KIP BURLAND TALKING. COME DOWN TO MARIO'S RIGHT AWAY. I'VE GOT ONE OF MY "FANCY THEORIES" TO SHOW YOU!



LATER...

G-GOSH N-WHAT HAPPENED?

RECOGNIZE THEM... ROCCO AND MOKE FORMERLY THE RING-LEADERS OF KILLERS INCORPORATED!



THEY MUST'VE TRIED TO GET FANCY WITH THEIR KILLINGS, AND GOT MARIO TO MAKE UP A CLOCK WITH A BUILT IN MACHINE GUN. MAYBE GIVE IT TO ONE OF THEIR VICTIMS AS A PRESENT!



MARIO PROBABLY BACKED DOWN AT THE LAST MINUTE. SO THEY KILLED HIM AND TRIED TO FIND IT THEMSELVES. FORTUNATELY FOR ME, THE CLOCK WAS SET TO GO OFF AT ONE!



WELL, I'LL BE...

HEY-BY THE WAY-WHERE'S MY WATCH?

YOUR WATCH? OH!

HEH-HEH-MUSTN'T LOSE YOUR TEMPER, MCGINTY.. YOU SEE, IT WAS THIS WAY!



GULP... MY... MY BEAUTIFUL WATCH! RUINED! WHY..YOU I OUGHTA.. HEY WAIT A MINUTE! THIS ISN'T MY WATCH!



IT'S YOURS! HERE'S YER INITIALS K.B.!

IT COULDN'T BE-MINE'S IN MY POCKET HERE...OH, OH, IT'S YOURS!



MUSTN'T LOSE YOUR TEMPER, KIP, HEH HEH... KEEP COOL WHILE I GO FOR HOMICIDE

RATS!



WORLD WONDERS



THE ANOMNA ANTS IN AFRICA LINK THEMSELVES TOGETHER INTO A LIVING BRIDGE SO THE OTHER ANTS MAY CROSS THE STREAM...



PARIS POLICE TRAIN DOGS TO DIVE INTO THE SEINE RIVER AND RESCUE PEOPLE WHO HAVE FALLEN OR HAVE JUMPED IN.



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DRAGON FLY'S EYE



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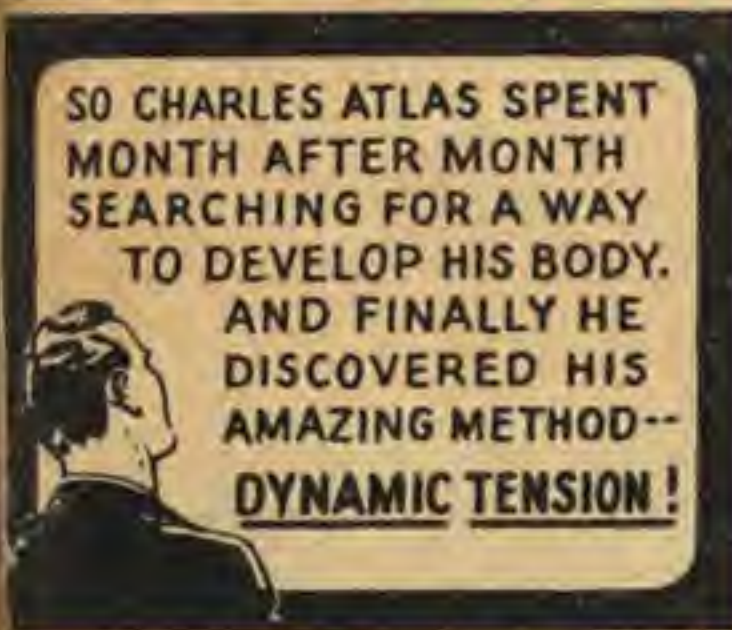
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CHARLES ATLAS



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